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MEMORIES OF THE LOST CAUSE



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TEN YEARS IN SOUTH AMERICA



BY
J. M. POLK
AUSTIN, TEXAS
A. D. 1907

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J. M. POLK



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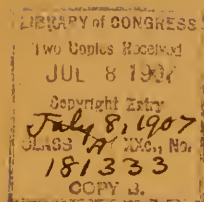
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MEMORIES OF THE LOST CAUSE.

STORIES AND ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE, GENERAL LEE'S ARMY.

Since the close of the war between the States, from 1861 to 1865, I have noticed and read with a great deal of interest letters and articles in books and newspapers about the cause and results of that long and bloody struggle. As I took part in the conflict, I have thought for a long time that I would answer some of those letters, as I might be able to give some account of friends and relatives lost and almost forgotten. But it has been so long that many of the incidents are almost like a dream to me now. I am not well enough versed in the art of literature to write a book or for a newspaper. I have heard it thunder too often, have lost the use of my right arm, and I am generally out of fix. Then, I never professed to know much, for I was a private most of the time in a regiment of infantry and had no opportunity of knowing anything except what happened near me.

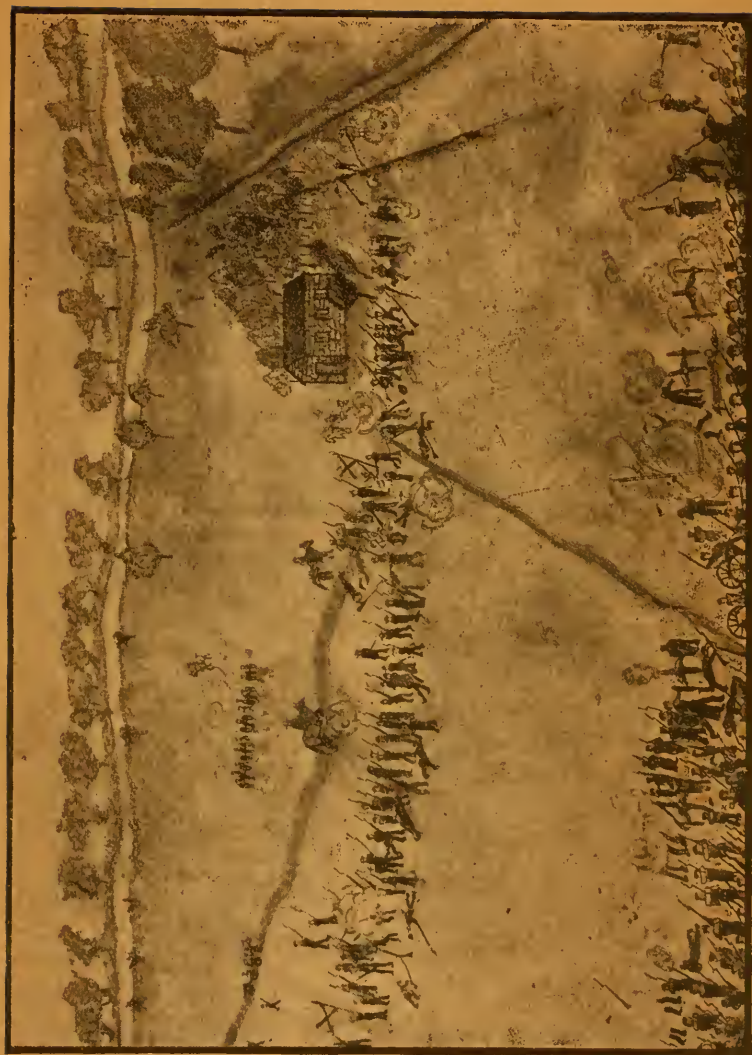
I was born in Green county, Missouri, five miles east of Springfield, in the year 1838. My father was a native of Maury county, Tennessee. I enlisted in the Confederate army in July, 1861, in Captain Winkler's company, at Corsicana, Texas. From there I went to Virginia, and was attached to the Fourth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, General Lee's army. My first introduction on a battlefield was at Seven Pines. This satisfied me that war was not what it had been pictured in books and newspapers, and that if we accomplished what we started out to do, it would be a dearly bought victory: but I supposed I would stay as long as any of them—I never was of a boasting disposition. It reminded me, of a conversation I had with General Sam Houston before leaving Texas. The three Texas regiments had lost so many men by sickness and exposure that it was necessary to send back to Texas for recruits, and Captain Winkler and myself were on the way to Virginia with recruits for our company. It was in the month of April, 1862, when I met General Houston in the barber shop of the Fanning House in Houston. He looked at me a few minutes and said: "Well, young man, I suppose you are off for the

war." "Yes, sir." He was on crutches, dressed in a long, loose sack coat, broad-brimmed hat, and had the largest ring I ever saw on a man's finger. "Well, I am too old now to be of any service to my country," he continued. "Texas people refuse to take my counsel; I can do them no good, and God knows I do not wish to do them any harm. I do not think our cause will justify the loss of so much life and property, but still if I were able and they refused to go my way, I would go with them." He made some sarcastic remarks about Louis T. Wigfall, which I do not remember. After the battle of Seven Pines, our next move (that is, Whiting's division) was to join General Jackson in the valley of Virginia. We met him near Staunton, Va. We were all ignorant then about discipline in the army and thought we had a right to know as much as the officers. But we soon found out different. General Whiting was an old army officer, and a good one, and he said to General Hood that he had no doubt but what those Texas men would make good soldiers, "but you will have a hard time to get them down to army regulations." General Jackson was a good hand to execute and keep his own counsel, and about the first thing he done was to give us to understand that we must know nothing but obey orders, and if any citizen on the march should ask us where we are going, "tell them you don't know." The next day he came along and noticed one of our men leaving ranks for a cherry tree. Cherries were getting ripe. "Where are you going?" asked the general. "I don't know, sir." "What regiment do you belong to?" "I don't know, sir." "What do you know?" "I know General Jackson said we must not know anything till after the fight's over." "Is that all you know?" "I know I want to go to that cherry tree." "Well, go on." The next day he came along, and one of our men says to him: "General, where are we going?" He turned around and looked at him a few minutes and said: "Are you a good hand to keep a secret?" "Yes, sir." "Well, so am I," and he rode on. Then it was a forced march to the rear of McClellan's army, which we reached about the 25th of June, and on the 27th of June, 1862, was fought the memorable battle of Gaines' Mill and the Seven Days' battle near Richmond. The whole country knows the result. At Gaines' Mill our regiment, the Fourth Texas, lost its colonel and lieutenant colonel, and the major was wounded which left us without a field officer. It was reported that we had lost about three hundred killed and wounded. I was one of the wounded, but unless a man was killed on the field or lost a leg or an arm, it was only considered a furlough, so I got a furlough, and I missed the second battle of Manassas by about three days

and I never did regret it. I was wounded in the arm, and it swelled to about the size of a stove pipe, turned as black as a pot, and the doctors thought for a while that it would have to be amputated. All the other regiments of the brigade and division lost heavily, but not so much as the Fourth Texas, because it seemed to me that we were right in front of the Federal batteries, supported by infantry. It was reported that our company lost twenty-nine killed and wounded, but I can not remember all their names. The first man killed in Winkler's company was named Fondron, and his people lived in Young county, Texas. I was within five feet of him; he dropped his gun and said, "Oh, Lord!" and fell within about fifty steps of the battery. The first man killed in the regiment was Jim Smyley, from Robertson county, Texas. We were then about twelve or fourteen hundred yards from the battery. He was struck by a shell. About that time General Hood gave the command, "Forward, guide center, march, give way to the right, give way to the left; watch your colors, men!" Now, that is the last command you hear in going into a hard-fought battle. Then it is every fellow for himself and the devil for all, and the man with the musket does the balance. We carried the position, but with heavy loss. Captain Hutchison, from Navasota, was killed on the field. Captain Ryan from Waco, Captain Porter from Huntsville, and Bob Lambert, from Austin, all died in the same room in Richmond, and I suppose I am one of the last men that saw them alive. Richmond was crowded with wounded men. I went down to the Chimberazo Hospital and found Jim Treadwell, Mat Beasley and, I think, Jim Shaw, all wounded. I secured a carriage and took them to the Catholic Hospital, where they received better attention, and all recovered. Jim Treadwell was a great oddity. He was shot in the instep of the foot: he said in all seriousness that he had just put on a new pair of shoes that day and that the shot ruined the shoe. When Captain Winkler was entering his name on the muster roll, he asked Jim his native State. Jim said he was born in Cowita county, Ga., but that he stopped thirty-six years in Texas to fatten his horse, went to California in '49 and was a ranger on the frontier of Texas for several years. I was informed that Dick Wade was badly wounded, but I could not learn where he was. I put in two days in search of him, and finally found him in a box car in Manchester, opposite Richmond, from which place I took him to the Catholic Hospital. Dick is now living at Wootan Wells, Falls county, Texas; Mat Beasley, in Navarro county, Texas, and Jim Treadwell died in East Texas nine or ten years ago. I do not know what became of Jim Shaw; it has been

so long I have almost forgotten him.

About the 1st of September, 1862, as well as I can remember Jim Aston of Winkler's company and myself started out from Richmond to overtake the army. When we reached Rapidan Station, as far as we could go on the railroad, we heard that there had been another fight at Manassas. The next day we started out on foot. We soon began to meet the sick, barefooted and wounded that could walk, and prisoners, some of the latter negroes. When we reached Warrenton I found Tom Morris and Bill Spence of our company in the hospital, both mortally wounded. I gave them \$10, all the money I had, and left them and never saw them again. Their people lived in Navarro County, Texas. We traveled to Leesburg, then to Point of Rocks, on the Potomac, twelve miles, I think, and crossed it between midnight and day. The river was only about waist deep, and we had no trouble in reaching the other side. We had had nothing to eat for nearly two days, and we held a little consultation, as we were then in the State of Maryland and did not know how the people would treat us. We concluded to try some of the citizens for breakfast, so I started to a house about half a mile from the road and Jim followed along behind me. When I reached the house the woman came out and I asked her if she would give us some breakfast. I told her that we had had nothing to eat for two days and that we were hungry. She said to come in. We went into the kitchen and sat down at the table. She put out the buttermilk, light bread, butter and coffee, and when we were done we thanked her, but when we started to leave we found that we were so heavily "loaded" that we could hardly walk. We traveled on, I don't remember the distance, but found General Lee's army near Frederick City, Md. We remained there two or three days and then started in the direction of Hagerstown, Md. When we reached Boonsboro we had another fight. The next day we moved on and soon heard the cannonading at Harper's Ferry, and when we reached Sharpsburg we heard that General Jackson had taken the place with ten thousand men and all the garrison. I could see General Lee a short distance from the road. He was on foot and Colonel Chilton, I think, was with him. General Lee was a short, heavy-set man, with iron-gray hair and the largest head I ever saw. He carried his arm in a sling, as it had been injured by his horse falling with him at Manassas. The Federal army was close behind us, and I could see from the movements that we would soon have another bloody conflict. About that time the sergeant ordered me to go back to the banks of the Antietam, on the picket line. I remained there all day and after dark returned



THE BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG OR ANTITUM SEP. 17, 1862.

This Picture shows the Confederate lines facing north. The Battle commenced that way and ended that way, but during part of the engagement they were facing the Federals west. (To be illustrated in next issue.)

to my command, which was located near the old Dunkard Church.

The next morning a small amount of bacon and flour was issued; I was trying to cook some bread; I took the ramrod out of my gun, wet up the flour without grease or salt, wrapped it around the ramrod, and was holding it over the fire when a shell from one of the Federal batteries fell, bursting near me, and breaking a man's leg. In less time than it takes to tell it we formed in line of battle, and the command was given to "forward." Our ranks were so reduced that regiments looked like companies and brigades like regiments; and this was about the condition of General Lee's army on that day. I don't remember the date, but it was between the 12th and 20th of September, 1862. Some were in hospitals, sick or wounded; some discharged; some dead. The Federals must have had about three or four to our one, and it was as near a knock-down and drag-out as anything I have ever seen or heard of. The air was full of shot and shell and we were in an open field, with no protection, and it seemed almost impossible for a rat to live in such a place. The dead and dying were in every direction. I heard that the First Texas regiment lost nineteen color-bearers and finally lost their colors. I didn't take time to load my gun, for there were plenty of loaded guns lying on the ground by the side of the dead and wounded men, and they were not all Confederates: the Blue and the Gray were all mixed up. The New Jersey men were in front of us: this I found out the next day, after Generals Lee and McClellan had agreed upon a cessation of hostilities in order to take care of the dead and wounded. I saw a great many men go in that day who never came out, but it has been so long that I do not remember their names, not even the members of my own company. I saw Milt Garner go in, but never saw him again. He was an old friend and neighbor of mine, and his people now live in Navarro county Texas. I can remember a little fellow by the name of Paul. I was on picket with him the day before. He was the only Jew I ever saw in the army, and belonged to Martin's company, from Henderson county, Texas, but I never saw Paul any more. I can remember that all that was left of our company, out of over 100, after we came out of that fight, was Captain Winkler, Lieutenant Mills and eight men. We had hardly stacked our guns when a shell from one of the Federal batteries exploded near us, knocked the guns down and came very near killing the balance of us. I could not help but think how different this was from the way it was pictured out to us in war speeches at the commencement. It reminded me of what one of our men by the name of Brooks told me. He said he was on the picket line with an Irishman. The

Federals outnumbered them and they knew it, and it began to be a serious matter. So Mike said to the captain: "We must be getting away from here. They will kill us all." "No; you must stand your ground, Mike," said the captain. "If you should happen to be killed here, there would be a great big monument erected to your memory, with great big letters on it, 'Sacred to the memory of Mike Donohue, who died in defense of his country.'" "Yes, and be Jesus and it might stand here one hundred years," said Mike, "and I would never read a word of it, sir."

The next day I went out with the litter bearers among the dead and wounded near the old stone church. The first man I noticed was a wounded Federal soldier. He made motions for me to come to him. He asked me if I would give him some water. He said he had been lying there twenty-four hours and was nearly dead from thirst. My canteen was full, as well as I can remember, and I handed it to him. I think he drank it all, or most of it. He then said he felt better, and that he could not have lived much longer without water. I think he said he belonged to the Thirteenth New Jersey, and had been in the army only about two weeks. He said he was a shoemaker by trade, and supported himself, mother and sister, but now he was crippled and did not know what would become of them, or whether he would ever see them again. About that time my attention was attracted to the litter bearers trying to move a man that had been killed the day before. There was a dog lying beside him, and every time they started toward the man the dog would jump at them and growl; he thought the man was only asleep. They were meditating about what to do—to move the man they would have to kill the dog. I started toward them and in passing a tree I heard a minnie ball strike the tree, and one of the litter bearers cried, "Drop that gun. We are under a white flag here. You ought not to come out here with a gun." Well, it didn't take me long to drop that gun. The best friend to man is the dog; next is the horse, and many a poor horse loses its life trying to serve the man.

That night, between midnight and day, we crossed the Potomac. We traveled on about two miles and lay down beside the road. About daylight we heard the roar of artillery and musketry behind us. From this we knew that the Federals were following us. We soon learned that General Jackson had stationed his men on the south side of the river, and when the Federals began to cross he gave them a lot of dead and wounded to take care of. We had no more trouble with them for a while. We traveled on, and when we reached Fort Royal we had another fight, and there we lost Captain Woodward of the First Texas, who came from Palestine.

Texas.

We traveled on, and one day halted on the side of the road to rest. Bill Fuller had just come in with some whisky. He was an old man, and the captain never tried to control him. He would always go into a fight, but he was never very particular about keeping up on a march or staying in camp. Often he would try to borrow General Hood's horse to go to town to pick up stragglers. The artillery and wagons were passing, and Bill was having something to say to everybody, and we were all laughing at him. About that time General Hood and his staff came along, and Bill jumped up and gave him a salute and said: "Early camps to-night, General, and plenty of meat and bread." "Sir," replied General Hood, "we will stop about a mile and a half from here." "If it's all the same with you, General," says Bill, "leave out the 'about,' and tell us how far it is, for we are awful hungry and tired." Captain Winkler was a good-natured kind of a man, and I never heard him utter a profane word, but he was out of patience with Bill. He turned around to us and said: "You confounded fellows, I am trying to quiet the man, and you all are encouraging him. I'll have the last one of you arrested if you don't let him alone. Fuller, if you don't dry up I will have you put in the guard house as soon as we stop." "All right, captain," replied Bill, "I am either on guard or under guard all the time, and it's all the same with me, sir." On one occasion when the minnie balls and shells begin to fly around the captain says, "hold your position, man." Bill says, "hold the devil, captain you had better let us fall back in that hollow." Bill died about two years ago in Wharton county, Texas. He was totally blind and his hair was as white as cotton. Captain King had agreed to take him into the Confederate home, but it was too late. When I wrote to him to come to Austin, that Sam Billingsley and myself would sign his papers, his family answered and said he had been dead about three weeks.

We were now on the south bank of the Rappahanock, near Fredericksburg, and many of the men who had been sick and wounded came in. The Federal army was on the north bank. They tried to cross and drive us south, and there we had another fight, but most of it was in front of General Jackson. It was about this time that the Eighteenth Georgia left us and went to some other department. They were a gallant set of men, and called themselves the Third Texas. We regretted to see them go, but the Third Arkansas took their place—a regiment of good men.

It was now December, and there is plenty of snow, and it is

very cold. Captain Reilly and some of the other officers called out the men for a snowball fight. There must have been at least ten thousand men engaged in the battle. Snow flew in every direction. Reilly's battery was attached to Hood's brigade. Captain Reilly was on his horse, and had the appearance of a "Lager Beer Dutchman." The men piled snow upon him until it was almost impossible to tell the color of his horse, but still he seemed to enjoy the sport. The next day we went down on the banks of the Rappahanock on picket. The Federals were on the opposite side. We sat there and talked to them all day. One of them said, "Boys, can't you throw me over some tobacco?" "All right," was the answer. "Throw us over some late papers, and we'll throw you some tobacco." This we did by tying a rock to it, but General Lee soon heard of this and stopped it. We had to do something: some of the men played cards: some chuck-a-luck. We organized a court martial to try some of the men. We were reminded that when the fight commenced at Manassas they were issuing rations, and it was necessary to detail two men from each company to take the bacon and crackers and go to the rear. Jordan and Warren started to the rear for our company, and when they were about a half mile off, where the shells from the Federal batteries would fall and explode, they pulled for tall timber, and it was nearly two days before they joined the company. Bob Crawford was the marshal, George Foster was the attorney, and I was the judge advocate. Warren's case was called, and it was decided to ride him on a pole, which was done; but he soon jumped off, with his butcher knife in his hand, and the boys had all they could do to keep out of his reach. All this time Jordan was sitting down before the fire whittling, apparently indifferent as to what was going on. When his name was called I proposed to the court that before we proceed with the regular order of business that we question Mr. Jordan and see whether or not he was in his right mind when he ran off with the meat. George Foster tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Come, Ira; you hear what the judge says?" "Jordan turned around in an indifferent kind of way and replied: "Now, look here, boys. enough of anything is enough. I am in my right mind now, and if you fellows fool with me I'll stick my knife in some of you." Of course, when he said this, the men all whooped and yelled, and some of the officers, hearing them, interfered and broke up the court.

We soon started south (that is, Longstreet's corps), and left Generals Lee and Jackson in command of the position. We stopped near Ashland, twenty-seven miles north of Richmond

Snow was on the ground and it was very cold. John Duran and Bob Holloway had just come in. They were in a fine talking humor. I think they found some applejack somewhere, for they were full of new ideas. It was after dinner; John said, "Jerry, I am hungry; I want something to eat." "Well, John," replied Jerry, "the boys eat everything up." "The devil you say: where are my peas?" "I cooked them and they eat them." "That's a devil of a tale to tell. I carried them peas forty miles, and now I come in hungry—nearly starved—and not a pea left." I will not mention the balance he said, for it would not be very edifying to church people. Jerry Caddell, Jack Hill and Stokes were killed in the ditches at Petersburg. While in those ditches General Lee and his staff came along with an instrument, trying to make a calculation of the distance to the Federal batteries, and one of our men said to them: "Mister, how far can you see through that thing?" "Oh, I can see a long ways," was the reply. "Well, I wish you would look through that thing and tell us how far it is to the end of this war."

We left Ashland and traveled on to Richmond. Snow had been falling all the time. Some of the men were almost barefooted, and as they traveled they left blood in their tracks. We didn't know where we were going or what we were going to do. I supposed we were going to have another killing, but I didn't think many of us were fat enough for market. We traveled on from Richmond to Petersburg; snow was still falling. We were cold and hungry, but we felt that we needed rest and sleep more than anything else. When we stopped we raked away the snow, spread our blankets and bunked up three and four together. The next morning we were covered with snow. At roll call two of our men were missing, Harris and Terrell. About 10 o'clock in the day somebody stepped on them; they were covered with snow about ten inches deep. We cleared away the snow and raised the old tent cloth and then the blankets, then a puff of smoke went up into the air, and there they lay, sound asleep. We remained at Petersburg a few days and then moved on, finally stopping near Suffolk, on the Nanceman river. Here we lost Captain Turner of the Fifth Texas and Terrell of our company, trying to take a gunboat.

There was a line of rifle pits about two hundred and fifty yards in front of the Federal batteries. There was a call for volunteers to go into these pits; I was one to volunteer. We had to go in at night and come out at night; ten or twelve men in a pit and a hundred and twenty-five rounds of cartridges to each man. Now these breastworks in front of us had barrels filled with sand on

top of them, with just enough room between them for a musket, and when we could not see daylight between the barrels of sand that was the time to shoot. I don't remember now whether it was my first or second day in the pit, but it was about 3 o'clock in the evening, when one of the Federals shot at me, struck my hat brim and took a small piece off my right ear; this was a close call, but a miss is as good as a mile. We were watching them carry some fellow away on a litter when one of our men cried: "Look out, boys; that old cannon will go off directly." We just had time to back ourselves up against the front side of the pit when boom went the cannon, and a shell about the size of a lamp post burst a little in front of us. A piece of it struck the back part of my hat brim and shaved the breast of my jacket—another close call. Another piece struck the ground about ten feet in front of the pit, digging a hole deep enough to bury a horse and rolling about two wagon loads of dirt in on us. I can remember that we had to rake the dirt off a man named Holms. I never saw a man more excited than he was; he thought we were all dead. As for myself, I never thought I would live to see the sun go down. I don't remember ever seeing Holms again, as he belonged to a different company, but I am satisfied it is the last time he ever volunteered to go into a rifle pit within two hundred and fifty yards of the batteries. It settled ~~it~~ with me: I thought if I did what I was ordered to do after that, that would be enough. I think we left Suffolk during March or April, 1863, and went back to Petersburg and Richmond, and then went north and joined General Lee somewhere on the Rappahannock. Then the whole army, with Stuart's cavalry, started north. We all knew we would soon have another big killing.

Nothing of importance happened on the march; plenty of rain, creeks all up, and a hard time on the gray backs, not many young men of this generation know what a gray-back is, but if they had been in General Lee's army one month without changing their clothing they would know the meaning of the word. General Jackson had gone to his long home and General A. P. Hill took his place. We crossed the Potomac river at Williamsport, Md., on the 26th of June, 1863. Here we took a lot of government stores from the Federals, and among other things a lot of whisky. It was rolled out on the hill, the heads knocked out of the barrels and issued to the men by the cupful. I don't suppose the oldest man living in America ever saw as many drunk men at any one time. It was all the officers could do to hold them down; they were full of new ideas. Colonel Manning of the Third Arkansas was very strict with his men, and he tried to carry out army regulations. "Take that man and dip him in

the creek," he commanded. "Now, set him up on his feet and see if he can walk." The man staggered a little and fell down. "Dip him in again." All the other officers had all they could do to keep the men from fighting.

We traveled on and stopped at Greencastle, Pa. General Lee issued orders to the men not to leave their commands, as they were now in the enemy's country, and not to depredate on the citizens. We traveled on through Chambersburg: the houses were all closed and the women waved the Stars and Stripes at us. We moved on a short distance and then stopped and struck camp. The people here were all Drunkards. They seemed to think more of their stock than they did of themselves; they had a very fine barn, but lived in a very ordinary looking house. I was put on guard at one of these houses, and stood at the gate all day to keep the men from depredating on them. A woman called me in to dinner, which was one of the finest meals I ever sat down to. The old lady remarked: "Oh, this cruel war! I just wish you men with your muskets could get them big fellows in a ring and stick your bayonets in to them and make them fight it out. You could settle it in a few minutes." I was young then and had never given the subject a sober thought, but since I have often thought of that old woman's remarks. Of course we all know now, for we have some experience in war, that if all the leaders and men who make war speeches and excite the people knew that in case of war they would have to pick up their gun and help fight the battles and take their chances along with the men there would not be many wars. They would adopt Dr. Franklin's plan—raise the money and pay for the territory or property in question rather than go to war.

We traveled on, and soon heard cannonading and knew that the ball had opened. Late in the afternoon we heard that our column had had a fight with the Federals. This was the first day's fight at Gettysburg. I always thought it was on the 2d of July, but in order to agree with everybody else I will call it the 1st of July, 1863. By sun-up the next day we passed over the battleground and saw the dead and wounded, and we could see our artillery in front of us, all unlimbered and in battle array, flags flying and men going in every direction. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I understand, we were on the right of General Lee's army; the line of battle was seven miles long. Sam Miller and I left the ranks to get canteens of water for our company, and I never saw Sam any more until the war was over; he was captured and sent to Fort Delaware. Mat Beasley was ordered to take Captain Porter's old company, from Huntsville, into the



BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

fight. They had never gone into a fight and came out with a captain or lieutenant. We all gathered around Mat and said to him, "Good-bye; you are gone now." Bob Crawford said: "I am sorry for you, but I can't help you any." He was the only captain that ever came out alive, with that company. Moving slowly, we entered the valley in a wheat field. We could see the Federals on the hills to our left, and the Stars and Stripes waving at us. About this time a shell from the Federal batteries came along through our lines and cut a man's head off; his name was Floyd, from San Antonio. I was within about forty steps of him. Just then the command was given to "forward!" It was 300 or 400 yards to the foot of the hill, on which bordered a rock fence. When we were forty or fifty steps from this fence the Federal batteries on the hill turned loose at the fence with solid shot, and rocks were flying in every direction. This scattered our men; many of them were killed, wounded and captured. We were right in front of the battery. No time for shining shoes. So great was the confusion that I have no recollection of passing over the fence. I can remember when I was about half way up the hill I stopped behind a big rock to load my gun; I could see Captain Reilly's battery a little to our right, and he was cleaning off the top of that hill. There was a solid blaze of fire in front of his battery. Right here, as well as I can remember, Bill Smith fell. He was a son of Tom I. Smith, an old pioneer, after whom Smith county, Texas, was named. He left his wife with her father, W. H. Mitchell, at the head of Richland and Chamber's creek, ten miles west of Millford, Ellis county, Texas, and never saw her any more, and I doubt if she ever knew what became of him. When we reached the battery at the top of the hill the men had all left. Some dead were lying around, I don't remember how many. Harris of our company was in front of me. He put his hand on the cannon and was looking over the hill. The cannon was lying on a rock, I think, and the wheels behind the rock. I could hear the minnie balls going over our heads. I said to him: "Hold on, Harris; we are by ourselves; wait till the balance come up." "Oh, I want to see where they have gone," replied Harris: "they are not far off." About that time a shell burst in front of us and a piece of it went through his breast, and it seemed to me that I could run my arm through that man's body. His face turned as white as cotton, and, strange to say, he turned around and tried to walk in that condition, but fell over and was dead in less than five minutes. His people lived somewhere in Virginia, but I don't know their address. Now, I could see the Third Arkansas to our left, and could hear Colonel

Manning's voice; then I saw three or four hundred Federals throw down their guns and surrender to them. I saw General Hood walking down the hill holding his arm. I understood his arm was broken above the elbow and four inches of the bone taken out. By daylight the next morning we had a line of battle on top of that hill; we lay there all day. About 12 o'clock in the day I heard firing in our rear. I saw a house on fire and thought we were surrounded and would be captured, but I soon learned that a regiment of Federal cavalry was trying to destroy General Lee's ammunition train, which was protected by two regiments of infantry. The Federals succeeded until they were right in among the wagons; then the infantry closed in on them, and I don't think a man escaped. The colonel refused to surrender and shot himself. Then commenced an artillery duel. General Lee had two hundred and twenty-five pieces of artillery, and he turned all of it loose on the Federal lines, and I suppose the Federals had as many or more to reply with. Just imagine what a thundering noise all these cannon made, all firing, you might say, at once, to say nothing about the loss of life and property! I never did believe that any man knew the number of armed men engaged on both sides at the Battle of Gettysburg, but I will give it as my opinion, from what I could see and hear, there must have been, all told, Federals and Confederates, at least 175,000 men and the number of killed, wounded and captured, on both sides between 40,000 and 45,000 men. It has been forty years now, and I don't remember the names of my own company that were lost, much less the army. We lost our lieutenant colonel, Carter of the Fourth Texas, and I heard that Hood's Brigade lost 500 or 600 men. About 3 or 4 o'clock in the evening of the third day of Gettysburg we were still in line of battle on the hills; I don't know enough about the country to say whether it was Cemetery Ridge, Little Round Top, or what it was. The Federals made a charge and our left gave way. We fell back in the valley and formed in line of battle. I heard the cavalry horses and the horns. "Look out, boys!" some one shouted: "get ready for a cavalry charge." But for some reason they never came. I suppose their prudence and judgment got the best of them. I know nothing about the cavalry service, but I know it's a hard matter to get a lot of cavalry to charge a line of infantry. They know it's a serious matter, for many of them will go to their long homes when they try it. It began to get dark and commenced raining. The sergeant ordered me to go back on the side of the mountain on picket; Lieutenant Mills of our company was with us. Lieutenant Pugh Fuller, Fifth Texas, from Houston, and I sat down on a

big rock. We were compelled to keep up a strong picket line all night. Dead men were all around us, and it rained all night. It was as dark as a nigger's pocket. I was sleepy, hungry and tired. I could feel the gray-backs moving around. I knew it would take a dose of red pepper occasionally and somebody to stick pins in me all night to keep me awake, but it would not do to go to sleep here. Between midnight and day I was nearly dead, completely exhausted. I lost all feeling of fear or duty and began to nod a little. Lieutenant Mills came along and tapped me on the shoulder and said: "Don't go to sleep here." But if I had known that I would be shot the next minute, it would have been all the same with me. But Mills was an old neighbor and friend, and he said nothing about it, but it would have been a serious matter with me if he had reported me. At daylight General Lee's army moved off and left the battlefield of Gettysburg. About 8 or 9 o'clock he came riding along, and the men began to wave their hats and cheer him. He simply raised his hat, rode along and said nothing. He was plain, simple and unassuming in his manners, and never encouraged anything of this kind. We all wanted to show him that we had not lost confidence in him, and he understood it that way. General Lee was a man who had but little to say to anybody. He always looked to me like he was grieving about the want of men and means to carry out his plans. Patrick Henry defines it as "the illusions of hope. But, as our enemies would say, we are looking for something that we have never lost and don't expect to find." About this time a copy of *Harper's Weekly* has a picture of General Robert E. Lee, and says that, "although he was educated at the expense of the government he is now trying to destroy, he is looked upon by the eyes of the world as master of the arts of war."

We passed through Hatterstown between midnight and day, crossed the Potomac and went down through Virginia to Richmond; there we shipped for Bragg's army. We stopped at Weldon, N. C. which is a junction of railroads; here there were a lot of North Carolina men on another train going south. There must have been a thousand barrels of resin on the ground, and we began to throw resin at the tar-heels. One of them asked: "Have you got any good tobacco?" "No," we replied, "but we have one of the best chaws of resin you ever saw." About that time we could hear their guns click-click-click. It was all the officers could do to stop it: if they hadn't intervened there would have been blood shed right there. We started west and traveled north through North Carolina. The train was heavily loaded and we traveled slow. Some of us were on top of the cars; one fellow playing a fiddle; another fellow down in the car blowing a horn, all happy

as lords, yet knowing at the same time that we were going right into another big killing and that many of us would go to our long homes. We traveled to Atlanta, Ga., and then to a point near Dalton.

It was Thursday afternoon, September 16, 1863; rations were issued to us and we commenced cooking. We could hear cannonading, but it was a long way off. We soon received orders to make preparations to move, and we traveled all that night. The next day, Friday, about 10 o'clock, we ran into some Federal cavalry, and knocked some of them off their horses; some of our men secured some new cavalry hats,, but they afterward lost them at the night fight at Missionary Ridge. Bill Calhoun, Fourth Texas, from Austin, came into camp with an old cap on. "Bill, where is you hat?" asked one of the boys. "Oh, it belonged to a gentleman from Iowa," answered Bill, "and he came after it." We traveled all day Friday, halting some time during the night. Saturday morning we continued our march, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th or 18th of September, 1863, we were near the center of the Federals' line of battle. The booming of cannon and roaring of musketry commenced on both sides. We moved up in line of battle; Cheatham's division (Tennessee troops), I think, were in front of us, and I understand there were two lines behind us, Cleburne's and Hindman's making four lines of battle in front of the Federals. We were ordered to halt and lie down. Shot and shell were coming through the woods from the Federal batteries; Cheatham's men coming out wounded in every way. Occasionally an artilleryman came out with his swab on his shoulder, showing that he had lost his battery. About this time two negroes met near me, one going in, the other coming out. The one coming out said: "Where are you gwine?" "I am gwine to carry Captain (somebody) his dinner," the negro answered. "You are the biggest fool nigger I ever saw. Dat man's dead. I spect I don't know what the white folks thinking about, nohow: the way they are killin' one another now, there won't be nobody left, and I don't know what they want with the country after everybody is dead." At this moment a shell from the Federal batteries came along, cutting the timber down in front of it. The two negroes dropped to the ground, filled with terror. "Now, just look at dat!" continued one of the negroes. "Any man or set of men dat will shoot such things as dat at folks, and den talk about Christianity, dey is got no raisin' and is black-hearted. Just look how de men is comin' out shot! You just ought to be up yonder where I'se been; some of them on de ground, hurt so bad they can't walk, some dead: don't talk to me 'bout war. I done

seen enough now." About the time he finished saying this another shell came whizzing along. "Look here!" he cried, "we'd better get away from here; dar's gwine to be some dead niggers right here." And that was the last I saw of them.

Of course I knew we would soon be ordered into the fight and that some of us would never come out. I walked up to Tobe Riggs of our company. He had never missed a battle or roll call. He was a cousin of mine. He had been having chills and looked bad. "Tobe," I said to him, "you ought not to go into this fight; the doctor will excuse you." "Oh, I'm all right," he replied. I could say no more. Just then the command was given: "Attention, cap your pieces, forward, guide center, march: give way to the right, give way to the left." When we reached Cheatham's line, about two hundred and fifty yards distant, we found them in the edge of an old field. They were all behind trees, but so many of them had been killed and wounded that it looked more like a picket line than a line of battle. They yelled for joy when they saw us coming: they expected to be all killed right there. We did not take time to exchange compliments. As well as I can remember the Federal lines were in a ditch fence about two hundred and fifty yards off, and we made no halt, but passed through Cheatham's lines, and I think they joined us, and as soon as the Federals discovered our approach they gave us a salute by waving the Stars and Stripes at us, in order to ridicule the idea of us coming toward them. Then they emptied their guns at us, and it seemed that every third or fourth man in our line was cut down. Billie Carroll and Tobe Riggs both fell not over five or six feet from me. We lost Dock Childers and Chisum Walker, but they did not fall so near me; but all four of them were of Winkler's old company, from Corsicana, Texas. I supposed if we had stopped there and given the Federals time to reload their guns they would have killed the rest of us, but we moved on to them with loaded guns. We broke their lines; I don't know what their loss was, but there were dead and wounded Federal soldiers in every direction. After we broke through their line I went back to see what had become of Riggs. I found that his leg was broken at the knee joint. Billie Carroll, who was lying near Riggs, was dead. I lifted Tobe up on feet; of course it was painful. His face was as white as cotton. I found Abe Rogers, of Martin's company, from Henderson county, Texas, near Tobe; he was shot in the instep of his foot, and was making a great deal more noise than Tobe. I placed him up on his feet and walked between him and Tobe some two or three hundred yards and turned them over to Dr. Jones, surgeon of the Fourth Texas regiment, and never saw them any more. I went

back and joined my company, but the Federals had disappeared. I sat down beside a wounded Indiana man, and he asked me for some water. I gave him my canteen and talked to him a few minutes. There was a dead man lying near him. I opened the dead man's knapsack and proceeded to read his letters; he must have had forty or fifty, mostly from women in the State of Indiana. In one it seems he had been boasting about their great victory at Gettysburg. She answered him and said: "You men in the army seem to consider it a great victory for the Federals at the battle of Gettysburg, but if you could only be at home now and see the widows and orphans, made so by the battle of Gettysburg, you would not consider it much of a victory." (The battle we had just passed through was the battle of Chickamauga, and, as well as I can remember it, was Saturday, the 18th of September, 1863. The Kansas, Illinois and Indiana men were in front of us, and they could stand killing better than any men I ever saw.) I was very much interested in reading these letters, but I heard some one on a horse approaching behind me. I turned around, and found it was General Hood sitting on his horse looking at me. "Well," he said, "you didn't get hurt!" No, sir," I replied. "How did your regiment come out?" he asked. "We lost a great many men," I answered, "but I don't know how many." "Well, I am very sorry to hear it," he replied, and rode off. When the war commenced Hood was appointed colonel of our regiment (the Fourth Texas), and he knew us all by sight, but could not call our names. He was a social, kind-hearted man, but a little impulsive at times. He would often walk up to me and shake hands with me and talk to me, but never knew my name. He was different from most of the old army officers. He recognized the fact that most of the men in the Confederate army were good, respectable citizens at home, and that it was public spirit and sense of duty that caused them to be there. General Hood could get order out of confusion on a battlefield in less time and apparently with less trouble than any man I ever saw. I can remember that there was an Indian who went out with us to Virginia; the rattle of musketry he stood as well as any of us, but whenever the artillery turned loose he would give a whoop and run like a turkey. "Too much for Injun," he would say. At the battle of Seven Pines General Hood came along the line, and this Indian was guarding some prisoners. "What are you keeping those prisoners standing there for?" question General Hood. "Going to take them down in the woods and kill them," was the reply. "No, you are not going to do any such thing," said General Hood. "Sergeant," he continued, "take these prisoners to the rear."

Saturday night, the 18th of September, at Chickamauga, we all

lay down in line of battle. We could hear the Federals cutting down trees and building breastworks, and we knew that we would have to get up next morning and take those breastworks, regardless of cost, and with that vast army in front of us, and they behind the breastworks, we knew that it was a serious matter. By sun up Sunday morning, the 19th, we were in line of battle. General Longstreet had just come up, and I could see him and other officers riding up and down the line, and I knew from this that we would soon have another big killing. About 8 or 9 o'clock the command was given: "Attention, forward, guide center, march." Jack Massie took hold of me and said: "You get by the side of me; when you fall I want that watch you have got on." Bob Crawford said, "I want his boots." We moved forward, and when we reached the first line of breastworks, which was composed of trees and parts of houses, the Federals were on the retreat. Shot and shell were flying in every direction; minnie balls could be heard whizzing through the air, and the roar of artillery was deafening. About this time I fell to the ground. This settled it with me, and I have no recollection of what happened after that. When I recovered I was lying in a hospital tent. Wounded men were all around me. I turned over and Jack Massie was right beside me. I said to him, "Is that you, Jack?" "Yes," he answered. "My leg's cut off; Tobe Riggs died a few minutes ago." They had cut Tobe's leg off, giving him chloroform, and he never woke up. I had no idea what was the matter with me; I was bloody, sick and nearly dead from thirst, and to say that I had a headache would not express it. I found that a minnie ball had struck me in the temple, in front of the right ear, and lodged in the back of my head. I turned to Jack and asked him how long I had been there, but I don't remember whether he said Tuesday or Wednesday, but believe he said Wednesday; I was wounded on Sunday. In a few days I was able to walk around a little. I could see muskets lying on the ground in every direction, and a pile of arms and legs, which had been cut off of men. I suppose it would have taken a wagon, and perhaps two, to have carried the arms and legs cut off of men on the battlefield of Chickamauga. In a few days I was sent to Richmond, and, I think it was some time in December, the ball was cut out of my head. It was a delicate piece of work, a great deal of risk about it. Dr. Charles Bell Gibson, at the corner of Clay street and Brooks avenue, Richmond, Va., performed the operation. Dr. Gibson was considered the finest surgeon in the Confederacy. Of course I was under the influence of chloroform and unconscious and knew nothing of what happened, except what they told me afterward. He cut the skin on the back of my head, found the outside skull bones broken,

lifted the pieces of bone and found the ball, about one-half the length of the forefinger, lodged in the back of my head. He was unable to secure a hold on it with his instruments and was compelled to use a chisel and hammer. I suppose the old gray jacket and minnie ball can be found among the war relics at Richmond today. It took about three months for my head to heal; Mrs. Oliver waited on me. She washed the hole with a syringe and warm soap suds and water every twenty-four hours, for nearly three months; had to keep the place open so it would heal inside first. The doctor said if it was let alone it would heal outside in a few days and inflammation would set in and kill me. Mrs. Oliver, of whom I speak, I think, is long since in her grave. She saved my life several times, and my bones today would be in the sod of old Virginia had it not been for her. She carried me through one long spell of sickness in the winter of 1861, and twice afterward, when I was wounded. And I am not the only Confederate soldier she waited on. I heard General Hood say of her: "Mrs. Oliver. I have often heard my men speak of you in very high terms, and I consider it my duty to thank you for your kindness." Our women have often proven themselves heroines in war as well as peace. I have often seen them, born and reared in luxury, who had never seen a wounded man before, pass through hospitals, waiting on the patients, and the sight of it would make the msick, but they would do all that was possible for women to do. And today it's the influence of the women over the men that provides the comforts for the old Confederates in their declining years.

By the month of March, 1864, I was again able to travel. General Hood was now in Richmond. He lost his leg at Chickamauga. He wrote a very complimentary letter to the Secretary of War, and said I had always done my duty and that I was worthy of promotion. The President endorsed the letter and said that "the within communication, and verbal assurance of members of Congress, convinces me of his fitness for promotion, and I commend him to your kind attention." signed Jefferson Davis, James A. Seddon. The Secretary of War issued me a captain's commission and transportation west of the Mississippi river. General Hood told me "good-bye," and cautioned me about going inside the Federal lines; that I might get caught when I least expected it and spoil everything. I crossed the Mississippi river and joined General Price's army; I found then at Prairie De Ann, Arkansas. I took part in a few cavalry fights, but this didn't look like soldiering to me, so, at the suggestion of General Price and Colonel Campbell, I joined an expedition to go into Missouri and get out some recruits for our army. Now, this was a new business to me, and it is attended with a great deal of risk, but I had made so

many narrow escapes that I had become perfectly reckless and never thought of danger or that I would ever see the inside of a prison. I think it was now July, 1864. It was raining all the time, and we were compelled to swim all the creeks and rivers. We went from one neighborhood to another, and the men knew everybody, so all went well till we were near a place, I think it was Salem, Mo., or Rolla, I forget which. Here there were some Federal soldiers stationed. We camped in the woods, and the next morning, about sun up, we started out to strike the big road, Dick Kitchens and myself in front. I said, "Dick, I don't like this big road: let's get out of it." "We will leave it directly," replied Dick. Just then we came to a short turn in the road and were within forty or fifty steps of a lot of Federal cavalry, who were coming toward us. They began to pull their pistols on us. The balance of our men behind us heard Dick call out, "Put up them pistols; put up them pistols." We all pulled our guns, as the only thing to be done was to run the bluff on them. Dick went right at them, with his pistol drawn, and they soon concluded that a good run was better than a bad stand and soon disappeared. Knowing that they would soon return with reinforcements, which they did, Dick said to us: "Now, let's get away from here." Then it was a run through the brush for five or six miles. I lost my saddlebags, all my clothing and papers and fifteen hundred dollars in Confederate money. My horse seemed to take in the situation, and it was all I could do to stick to him; I kept in sight of Dick, as I was a stranger in the country. Not a man in our crowd would have surrendered on any kind of terms; the Federals could have taken us in, because they outnumbered us, but they knew to do this there would be twelve or fifteen of them left on the ground dead or wounded, and none of them wanted to die. In those days the people of Missouri and Kentucky were divided in sentiment, some Union and some Confederate, and they were arrayed in deadly combat, and in the State of Kentucky they are still that way to some extent. In Missouri it is reported that the Federals would burn down houses and turn women and children out of doors if any of the men were in the Confederate army. This made the men desperate. I understood there was a heavy reward for Dick Kitchens and several men in our crowd. I then commenced to make propositions to get what men we could together and turn back south; when I fight I like to have some show for my life. But there was a trip to be made into St. Louis by some one in the crowd, and I was the only man who was not known to the Union people. It is not often that a man will tell anything that

is liable to reflect on his character or good sense, but I always acted upon the principle that it was best to tell the truth and shame the devil. I consented, but I must say that I never did anything in my life with more reluctance. As General Hood said to me when we parted in Richmond: "Like all games of chance, if you are successful, you are all right; but if you fail, you are all wrong, and your best friends will doubt your loyalty." When I reached St. Louis I found people I had known all my life and some of them relatives. Of course I soon became reconciled, but the trouble was that I knew too many people. I did what I agreed to do, made a trip over into Illinois, and shipped everything out on the railroad, and when I was making preparations to leave a detective walked up to me and said the provost marshal wanted to see me. Well, I knew then that it was all settled with me. I was taken to the Gratiot street prison, and carried a ball and chain for six months, not knowing at what minute I might be taken out and shot. I had not been there long before seven men were taken out and executed to retaliate for something that General Marmaduke had done. I knew one of them, Jim Mulligan; I went to school with him, I think, in Batesville, Ark., in 1854 and 1855. Soon afterward a man by the name of Livingston was taken out and hanged as a spy; then another man by the name of Smith. Of course I thought my time would come next, but finally I was taken out and tried by court-martial, charged with being inside the Federal lines, trying to pilot men out of the Federal lines into the Confederate army, and shipping arms and ammunition through the lines. It was a serious matter with me, and about all the defense I had was on a line with the Irishman before the court for getting drunk and disturbing the peace. The judge said: "Now, Pat, are you guilty or not?" "I don't know, indeed, Mr. Judge, till I hear the evidence," was the reply. Not having any proof I was sent to the old penitentiary at Alton, Ill., to be confined there until the close of the war.

Now I am a convict, not entitled to exchange or parole. I have lost my citizenship and the respect of all my friends and relatives. After about nine months, confinement and hard living my constitution gave way and I suffered with congestion of the lungs. The doctor said the next spell would take me off. When I was released from prison the Confederacy had about gone to pieces. It was all over—the chapters read and the story told. I have left out many incidents and names for want of a better memory and better opportunities. This all happened forty years

ago, and I can only state everything according to the best of my recollection and I have no further explanation to make. But I hope this narrative is sufficient to show to the young men and women of our country and future generations what a horrible thing war is. As for the fate of John Wilkes Booth, who killed President Lincoln, it was something that the Confederates were not implicated in. Bob Hollway told me that when General Lee surrendered he went to his home at Bowling Green, Va., on the Rappahanock river, about fifteen miles below Fredericksburg. He had only been at home a few days when a tobacco barn was burned down one night about a mile and a half from him. The next day he went over there and found nothing but a pile of ashes, which were surrounded by a pole fence, and in one corner of the fence was a pile of straw and leaves, and here he found an opera glass with the name of J. Wilkes Booth engraved on it. He took it home with him, and the news soon went to Washington and some officers came down and took it away from him. So that ought to settle the question. Another incident just after the surrender, Hutch Berry tells me, that not being able to get back to Texas, John Duran and himself started out on foot to make their way down into North Carolina, where they both had relatives. On the way they stopped near a place where there were some Federal soldiers camped. After some deliberation on the subject, Hutch went in at night and confiscated two good horses for John and himself to ride, and at daylight there was a good wide space between them and where they found the horses. At the last reunion of Hood's Brigade at Marlin, Texas, June 27th, Hutch told me that John has never settled with him for that horse. I noticed an article in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of recent date, from Mrs. Longstreet, in defense of General Longstreet's conduct at Gettysburg. It is all honorable and right in the woman to try and defend the character of her husband, who is now in his grave. I was in General Longstreet's command for a long time, and was under him in the Battle of Gettysburg, but, as I can remember it now, it was a right busy time with me, going up that mountain, the Federal batteries shooting into the rock fence in front of us, rocks flying in every direction, the air full of shot and shell, and men falling all around me. I had no time to look around and see what General Longstreet or anyone else was doing, for I had all the business on hand that I could attend to, but my version of the matter from what I could see and learn then and afterwards is very different from the opinion that seems to prevail among good people today. It may not be correct and I have no argument now

to make with anybody about it. As I have already stated, I was wounded at Chicamauga, sent to Richmond, and was there over five months, and Gen. Hood was in Richmond at the same time. I often saw him and talked with him, and on one occasion, I think it was in the month of January or February, 1864, at General Smith's house. We had been talking over the battles of the war, when Gettysburg was mentioned. Not thinking it prudent to ask him any direct question, I said to him that it was always a mystery to us that if we had those hills to charge, why we were held so long in that valley. He hesitated a moment, and said: "Well, that was one place I went into with a great deal of reluctance, and I told General Lee that I could put my division in there, and would if I was ordered to do so, and lose a lot of my men and accomplish nothing." This much I have a distinct recollection of, the balance of his talk was in a general way and I do not remember all he said, but I think he said that General Lee called a council of his officers to discuss the situation. General A. P. Hill, who succeeded General Jackson, proposed a general movement all along the line of all the infantry and artillery. General Lee said we were too late by about twenty-four hours for such a movement as that. General Longstreet then proposed a flank movement. General Lee said that with that vast army in front of us we would not be able to protect our wagon trains, so they separated without any settled plan of action, and General Lee, after reviewing everything, decided to resume all responsibility himself; but that took time, and that accounted for the delay. Whether that is correct or not, the most sensible view to take of the matter is that if General Longstreet was guilty of disobeying General Lee's orders, it is strange that a man of General Lee's sense and ideas of discipline and good order never noticed it and did not make any complaint and have General Longstreet removed long before the battle of Gettysburg, to say nothing about what happened then and afterwards. Pete Walton says that what we don't know about history in this world is more important than what we know. But it may not apply in this case. As for the cause of the war, we all know that it was giving to the general government too much authority over the States without any regard for the interests or rights of the people of those States. Centralized power, or, in other words, an imperial form of government, contrary to the Constitution and system of laws handed down to us by our fore fathers, when this government was established, and now we have the vast accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few individuals at the expense of the

masses, and this, with the evil designs of politicians, the want of office, its emoluments and luxuries, with the increase of poverty and crime, can result in nothing but riots, strikes, mobs and bloodshed and the final overthrow of the government. Common sense tells us this; the history of the rise and downfall of some of the leading nations of the world tells us this, but it is to be hoped that the people of our country, with all of its varied interests, will be able to understand this subject and overcome all these difficulties in a peaceable legitimate way, live under one flag and one sentiment, and enjoy the blessing of liberty, peace and prosperity, with just and equal rights to all and special privileges to none, and the man from the State of Maine can walk up to the man from the State of Texas, shake hands, and say, "We are friends."

TEN YEARS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Before we start out on our long journey of nearly eight thousand miles, I want to say a few words by way of preface to the young men and women of our country and future generations, and if what I have to say is of any benefit to them I have accomplished a good part of my mission. It is more or less natural in the whole human family to think that our lot is harder than anybody's, and that there is a better country somewhere else than where we are. And in order to gratify our curiosity and ambition for pleasure and profit we must go there, if possible. There are some countries that offer inducements and advantages over others, of this there is no doubt, but you will find more differences in people than there is in countries, and if all the evils or misfortunes that befall the human family were collected together and put in one pile, and then distributed equally between every man, woman and child in the world, we would soon find that we would be better off with the evils or misfortunes that naturally befall us than what we would inherit by such a distribution. And the same rule would apply in the distribution of wealth and the luxuries of this life. It would finally go back into its old channel. As some would say: "The money sharks get it all." But in reality it falls into the hands of those who are born with a better sense of financial and business methods.

We start from New York on the United States mail steamer *Advance*, the 15th of July, 1888. Put in at Newport News on the coast of Virginia to take on the mail and some freight. This is the last land we see in the United States, and for all we know the last that we may ever live to see again. The next port reached is the Island of St. Thomas, one of the Danish West India Islands, five days and nights out from New York: and like all the West India Islands, they are mountains in the ocean, and some of them devilish high ones at that. Now, you would be surprised to see the native women here pick up their baskets that will hold about a bushel, and the little time it takes them to put four or five hundred tons of coal aboard the ship at one cent a basketfull. We pass near the Island of Martinique. This is where they have so many volcanoes, and you see so much said in the newspapers about it; it belongs to France. The steamer blows the whistle and the people waive their flags. But

having no business, we do not stop. The next port reached is the Island of Barbadoes, about twelve or fifteen miles square, and I suppose 200,000 people on it. It belongs to England, and is garrisoned by troops. The next port reached is Para, the mouth of the Amazon, and the first port on the coast of Brazil, a city of something over 50,000 people, about eight degrees south of the equator, and we are now about 3500 miles from New York. The principle article of export here I think is India rubber, sugar, rice, tobacco and fine timber. This is not the latitude for coffee nor cotton, as it is too near the equator. It would make fine, large trees, but the coffee beans would decay and fall before they matured, and the same way with cotton. Of course, the cotton would not fall off like the coffee, but it would be a short staple stuff and only fit for mattresses, if anything. Now, from this explanation you can form an idea whether cotton can be produced in a tropical country or not. Another peculiarity about Para, they always have a shower of rain about 12 or 1 o'clock every day, and it's as regular as clockwork, and I don't think that anybody has ever been able to tell the cause of it. When people here make an agreement to meet for any purpose, they always say before or after the *shuva*: *shuva* is the Portugese word for rain. So the days and nights are both cool and pleasant; you need a blanket over you at night, or you would not sleep very much. We lay here two days and nights about half a mile from shore. I see people going back and forth in small boats, but when I see the sharks coming up to the top of the water occasionally, I feel better aboard the ship, for they could turn one of them boats bottom side up if they wanted to. They don't look very handsome; the head seems to be the largest part about them. I was talking to an American who said he had been three or four hundred miles up this river, and said that he had seen cane seventy-five feet high, that would hold one quart of water in each joint, and the best water he ever drank. I have seen cane twenty-five and thirty feet high twenty-five hundred miles south of here. It might be of some interest to state that the only way you can tell when you arrive at the mouth of the Amazon is by the muddy water mixing with the ocean, for it is said to be about one hundred and twenty-five miles wide at the mouth.

The next port reached is Mianham, a city of about 50,000 people; not a very important point for trade, but is headquarters for the Catholic church. These people are all Catholics, and you can see the likeness of St. John everywhere you go, and a word from the priest is the law with most of them. The next

port reached is Purnambuke, or Purnambuco, as we call it. The native pilot comes out to meet us, as they do at all ports. Supposed to be 100,000 people here. A natural rock wall surrounds most of the harbor, and the tide coming in and going out rolls over this wall and it can be heard a long ways off; the tide has just gone out, and I can see that the pilot in front of the captain's bridge is very much excited. But fortunately one of the passengers understands his language, and says to the captain: "The pilot says that you are drawing twenty-two feet of water, and the tide has just gone out, and if you don't stop this ship you will get on a sandbar and lose the ship and all the cargo. But if you will wait one hour until the tide comes in, you can then go into port in safety." "Oh, they ought to send some one out here that I can understand." "But the pilot says that if you expect to do business with these people, you must learn the language. You might as well be deaf and dumb as to try to get along in this country without being able to speak and understand the Portugese or Spanish language."

The next port reached is Bahía. This city is said to have a population of over 100,000. It's on a high hill, you might say a mountain, and it is impossible to see the city from the deck of the ship. It overlooks a bay that seems to be large enough for all the ships in the world. We anchor out in the bay, and some of the natives come aboard to help discharge the cargo: and, as usual, the mate on the ship is a very cross kind of a man. He says to one of them, "Roll that barrel around here." "No foz moll." "Moll the devil and Tom Walker, roll that barrel around here." No foz moll means, that don't make any difference, but as neither one understands the other, it's a stand-off. He then turns around to one of the Irish sailors and says, "Pat, take hold of the end of that rope." "There's no end to it, sir; the end has been cut off." That's another stand-off.

The next port reached is Rio de Janiero, the capital of Brazil, and a city of 800,000 people. It is down under the hills on the bay; you can only see the top of these hills back of the city on a clear day, for they seem to reach nearly to the skies. You would be surprised to see the number of steamships and sailing vessels coming in and going out of these ports; and it seems that not one out of twenty-five carries the United States flag. I find that we are a great people in our own estimation and the United States is a great country, as long as we are in the limits of it: but when we get out of it we are small fry, especially in the matter of trade and commerce. I find that Brazil, from the best information I can gather, with a population of not less than

20,000,000, sells the world over \$200,000,000 worth of produce annually; and the most of this vast trade goes to Europe, on account of restrictions in our trade regulations.

The next port reached is Santos, the end of our voyage, and about 6000 miles from New York; the next is Paranagua, and the next St. Catherine. You will notice Brazil fronts on the Atlantic Ocean nearly 4000 miles and nearly three thousand back—about the same amount of territory as the United States—but will support more people, because it's a more productive country and a better climate. Much of its territory has never been explored by a white man. Santos is not a very large place, and I don't suppose ever will be, on account of its unhealthy location. The population is about twenty or twenty-five thousand. As to whether it ships more coffee than Rio, I do not know; but it will always be considered one of the leading coffee ports of the world, as well as other export and import trade which is tributary to it.

We start out from Santos to San Paulo, a distance of about sixty miles from the coast, and it is said to have a population of 150,000 or 200,000, and about 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The first twelve or fifteen miles after leaving Santos is a low, flat country; then we commence to go up the mountains. Now, you would be surprised to see the cars go up these mountains at the rate of twenty miles an hour. We find stationary engines posted on the side of the railroad every three or four miles with wire cables attached, and in this way the cars are drawn up the mountains. But I suppose if one of these cables should break we would go down this mountain at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, until we jumped the track. Though in all my travels on railroads in Brazil I don't think I ever heard of a serious accident. In our country, if a train runs off the track and kills and cripples fifty or a hundred people, the wreck is cleared away, the dead are buried, and wounded sent to the hospitals, and it's published in the newspapers, and that's the end of it. But I understand that if such a thing should happen in Brazil, every official connected with the road would go to the penitentiary for life; and for this reason, I suppose, we never hear of a railroad accident. I find San Paulo to be an up-to-date city, with all modern improvements; at least they seem to keep up with the tide better than most of the Latin race of people; and it seems to be the home of the wealthy and aristocratic element and as fine a dressed people as you see anywhere. In this, as well as in other cities and towns of Brazil, you find soldiers as well as policemen; and if a wagon or buggy runs

over anybody, you see a policeman on the street with his club ready to knock the driver off his seat, and for this reason people are seldom hurt on the streets. In our country it is just the reverse; it's almost an everyday occurrence for some one to be hurt on the streets of our cities. Here the rights of the people generally seem to be as well protected as any other country. I find some Americans here, but less than any other nationality. I find another thing that we are not prepared to believe, and that is, less feeling of fellowship among Americans you meet in a foreign country than any other class of people in the world.

Our diplomatic and consular officers put in their time well and draw their pay; but I have never yet heard of them doing much for their country or people, or asserting their rights or making any effort to improve our trade relations, which is so much needed. These appointments are generally made as a reward for campaign services or some kind of favoritism, without regard for their qualifications or knowledge of the language or the people. San Paulo is a junction of railroads and a distributing point for all branches of trade. We go from San Paulo to Campinas, a city of about 35,000 people, and another junction of railroads, surrounded by hills, and not a very healthy location; but like San Paula, tributary to many of the large coffee farms. We go from here to Santa Barbara. This is where the Americans settled soon after our Civil War. Most of them were from the southern States; but not many of them are here now; some of them went back to the United States, some died, and others after learning the language, moved to different parts of the country. There is good agricultural lands here and level enough to plow, and that attracted the Americans. But it is not a coffee country; the people turn their attention mostly to provision crops and stock, but better country for stock is found in other parts of Brazil than this. I was not here long before I noticed about thirty or forty people going along the road on foot, and seeming to be in a great hurry, carrying a dead body to a graveyard on a stretcher. They take it by turns; that's the custom of this country. If they live twenty-five miles from the cemetery, they must go there, or to some place where the ground has been blessed by the priest. Then one or two days out of almost every week is a saint's day; and they firmly believe that snakes will bite them or some serious accident will happen to them if they work on these days.

It is my purpose to give you some idea of the customs and habits of these people, their methods of doing everything, the realities of life, and the general appearance of the country, its

resources, climate and seasons. All from actual observation made in ten years and in a plain, simple manner, and instead of commenting on reports from newspaper correspondents and others, I will try to add something to it; or in other words, commence where they left off. This, you know, is a progressive world, and as the people of other countries make advances in the way of modern improvements, these people try to keep up with the tide; and it is well they may, for they have as much or more interest at stake from the simple fact that they have more to do and more undeveloped country than perhaps any other part of the world, and it will finally be a country of vast resources which will interest all classes of people.



We are now at Santa Barbara, and it's the month of September, 1888. I can hear something that sounds like the whistle of a steamship, and it's a long ways off. I find that it is a native cart—all wood, no iron about it—and will carry about 3000 pounds. The yokes are light; they use small poles and rawhide instead of chains, as we do, and from six to eight yoke of oxen; the axle turns under the frame of the cart instead of the wheels, and it is the friction of the axle under the frame of the cart that makes the noise. We see the driver going along the road punching the oxen with a little pole that has a sharp nail in the end about an inch long when they don't go to suit him, he says, "Bum, Oh, de arbar." Well, de arbar is their curse word and means, "Oh, the devil." But an American

woman who has just arrived and don't understand their language, says she never saw so many oxen hitched to a wagon in all her life, and they call them all be arbar. Another American woman, who thought she had picked up Portugese enough to get along, took her seat at the table of a hotel; she wanted a spoon to stir her coffee, and instead of calling for a kuyey, said she wanted a carvolly, or in other words, she wanted a horse to stir her coffee. Did you ever think of the disadvantage you labor under to be in a country where you don't understand enough of the language to ask for your dinner or a drink of water? If you never did, you ought to try it once; you will learn something. No difference how well you are educated in your own country, you are nothing here unless you can speak the language; and if you are over 50 years old, you will never learn to speak it or any other foreign language well. If you can speak Spanish, Italian or French, you can learn Portugese, on account of its similarity.

It is a notorious and well-established fact in the everyday walks of life, that where one man fails another, under similar circumstances, will succeed; and this fact was plainly demonstrated in two cases which I will refer to.. In the year 1865 or 1866, Charles Gunter came to this country from Montgomery, Ala., I understand, with more money than any other American, and from all accounts he was a good business man and a good trader in his own country. But here it was a new deal to him; he was too old to learn the language and the strange methods of doing everything. The result was he lost his money and died a pauper. While John Cole, a jolly old soul, and about 65 years old, came here from South Carolina. He was a farmer and a man that looked at everything in a plain, practicable and sensible kind of way, and nobody could get any money out of him until he had value received. He succeeded well and made money, but he never learned but one word of the Portugese language, and that was "Star bum." Everything was "Star bum" with him. "Star bum" in our language means that is all right. He was a good-natured kind of a man, but a very profane man, or wicked man. Some of the natives rode up to his house one day and called him out, and said to him in Portugese, of course, that the dogs had run a deer through his cotton field and they wanted permission to follow the dogs on their horses. Of course he had no more idea what they were talking about than the man in the moon, but he yelled out at the top of his voice, "Star bum. Senor! Star bum!" Well, they thought it was all right, so away they went on their horses through the cotton field,

knocking the cotton off as they went. Now, what he said to them in English would never do to repeat before a Sunday school class, but as neither understood the other, it was another stand-off. He had one child, a girl, and left her in South Carolina. He had lost his wife. When the girl was old enough, she married, and she and her husband went to Brazil to pay the old man a visit. They had only been there about two weeks when she went to him one day and said, "Father, we want to go back to South Carolina; we don't like this country." He ripped out an oath and said all right. "I will give you \$10,000 in gold if you will leave here and never come back." Well, that was "Star bum," for that was what they went after. The next year he sold out and went back to South Carolina, and only lived a short time, but he was nearly 90 years old.

From Santa Barbara we go to Moggy Miram, Mooshe, as we would pronounce it, with a soft accent on the last syllable. This is another junction of the railroad. I don't know the population, but from appearances there must be 10,000 or 15,000 people here. Only two men here who can understand one word of our language. It is a great coffee country and wealthy people living in and around the place. From here we go to Penha, or Penya, as we would pronounce it, the terminus of one of these railroads. Here I see the first troop of pack mules I ever saw. It is their principal means of transportation over this mountainous country, where they have no railroads. You see almost every day fifty to one hundred pack mules with 250 pounds of coffee to the mule, or the same amount of merchandise, going along the roads to and from market, or to the railroad stations. With some difficulty, on account of my not knowing how to talk, I find one family of Americans here from the State of Mississippi.

We go from here to Jackitinga in the province, or State, of Minas, or Menus, as they pronounce it, and by accident on the road I find Dr. James Warren, who came to this country in 1865 from Nashville, Tenn. Think he said he was a surgeon in the Confederate army, and find him a very intelligent and social kind of a man. He met me at the door and I said to him that I was an American, just arrived. "Glad to see you, sir, come in. I suppose you don't understand the language." "No, sir, not enough to hardly ask for a drink of water." Well, I have been in this country so long and it is so seldom that I meet an American, I can express myself better in Spanish or Portuguese than I can in English." Now according to the custom among all classes of people here (in fact they look upon it as a mark of politeness), the girl comes in with a waiter and some coffee and

cakes. You must drink coffee with them, light your cigarette or pipe and smoke; then if you don't know how to talk, you soon feel like it is better to be alone than in such company. We then talk a few minutes, his wife comes in, he speaks to her and tells her that I can speak no Portugese. She makes a polite bow, and walks out; she is a native, and wealthy has a large coffee farm and sugar mill. They have four children, two sons and two daughters, all grown. Dinner is announced; we go in and sit down. The doctor and I talk, and they occasionally ask him what we are talking about. They seem to be very much interested, but don't understand us. Dinner is over, I bid the doctor good-bye and travel on to Jacktinga, and find some American friends from Texas.



This is nearly all a mountainous country, more timber on the mountains than there is in our valleys, and much of it is impossible to walk through, much less ride through, without a back knife. The land is mostly red, or Terra de Rose, as they call it.

If you find any open country you find more grass on one acre than you ever saw on ten in our country, and much of the timbered country the sun never shines on. No winter nor summer neither hot nor cold. Not frost enough to hardly check the growth of vegetation; the leaves on the trees green the whole year round. Drouths, snow and ice, and failures in crops is something that is unknown in many parts of Brazil. No muddy water; you never go five miles that you don't cross a beautiful clear, running stream of water; in fact, going from the United States to Brazil is like going out of one world into another. Nothing you see resembles anything you ever saw before. Now, to further illustrate, a ship is lying in the bay at Rio at night; the moon is shining bright, and one of the Irish sailors says to another: "Now, Mike, do you suppose this is the same moon we have in the old country?" "Oh, what in the devil are you talking about, man, it is a different moon altogether." Everything is different in this country. If I remember correctly, Frank Carpenter said, in speaking of our people who traveled over Europe every year for profit and pleasure, to say nothing of the vast amount of money they spend, that they could see more here in one day than they could in a month of Sundays in Europe. Well, I will just raise him a bean, and say a lifetime. I have often thought I would like to see some of our people here who think they have seen heavy timber, and see some parova trees and logs that I have seen lying on the ground here. I think they would give it up. And then there are the different kinds of flowers, fruits, animals, and birds that you see in the virgin forest, that you see in no other country. Parova is a hard, heavy wood; the natives use it for lumber in building houses, and it seems to me it would be the finest timber in the world for crossties for railroads, for it is said one of these logs will lie on the ground for fifty years and then be as sound as ever.

From Jackitinga we go to Sorocaba; about 8000 or 10,000 people here; then to Boituva. This is not a coffee country; it is mostly stock and provision crops. I see cows here larger than our beef steers, and the largest hogs I ever saw in my life; horses and mules about like ours. Sweet potatoes; you can sit down on one end and roast the other in the fire. Did you ever see a lizard four feet long? I think I have seen them five feet long. I was talking with a young man who came here from Alabama, and asked him if these lizards ever offered to fight. He said you ought to step on their tail once; you will find out then how they fight. He went on to say that when these people cut down the

timber and burn it off to plant, that leaves their holes exposed, and the boys put the dogs after them and cut him off from his hole, and he backs himself up against a log, and if he ever hits the dog one lick with his tail, he not only makes the fur fly, but makes the blood come, and that is the last time that dog will ever bark at a lizard, much less run after him. It is great fun for the boys, but it is rough on the dog. The natives eat these lizards. The meat is white and looks nice, and they say it is "Mouncha bum"; that is, very good.

We stop at Boituva and make two crops of cotton. The first year we plant the seed, the next year we cut the stalks down, and make more from the stump of the stalk than we did from the seed. We make more cotton with less labor than we do in our country, but the grade is not so good as American cotton. We sell it to the factories at Sorocaba and Tatey at about 2 1-2 cents per pound in the seed, and it is made up into the lower grades of goods, the seed seems to degenerate, the natives plant the seed every three years. I suppose further south the climate is better adapted to it and will make a better grade of cotton, say in the State of Parana, Matagras, and Rio Grande de Sul. These people are making improvements in the culture of cotton as well as everything else. This is south of the equator, and the further south you go the cooler it gets. The coolest weather we have is in the month of July, and the warmest



This is a Mongola where the Natives make F'reinah a substitute for bread—run by water power, trough on one end and Morter and Pessel at the other.

weather is in January.

We go from Boituva to Botucatu, now on the terminus of the Sorocaba railroad, but it has since been extended to Rio Naova, with other branches running into different parts of the country. Botucatu seems to have a population of 8000 or 10,000 and is a distributing point for trade of all kinds, as well as a junction of railroads. Nearly all a coffee country and a great many wealthy people around the place, and it is mostly a mountainous country and red land. Occasionally you find a campo, or prairie, black land, well watered, and horses and cattle on it.

We go from Botucatu to San Jao de Itatinga, or Etattinga, as these people pronounce it, and it is likely many other parts of the country I have never been in; it is a solid body of coffee farms I never had any idea before that there was so much coffee consumed in the world. I understand that the crop of Brazil amounts to about 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 sacks a year. Now, this say \$15 a sack, then add the India rubber, fine timber, raw sugar, rice, tobacco, guano, and hides, you have an idea what Brazil sells the world, and with the undeveloped country will increase every year. I think you will find that we pay these people \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000 every year for coffee, and if we get anything like a reasonable share of this vast trade it seems to me that I could have seen more American goods here in ten years, but Europe controls the trade of this country, as well as the banking business, railroads and factories. Italy furnishes a large amount of the labor. This is the situation and will continue to be until our Congress at Washington takes some step to negotiate commercial treaties with this and other countries, with such a uniform system of export and import duties as will compete with other countries in the matter of trade and commerce. But some of our members of Congress will tell you that if the United States had a Chinese wall one mile high all around it we would not suffer a day for anything, for we have everything we need. That would have been a very good argument one hundred years ago when the products of our country supplied the wants of the people, but it is different now, and with the increase in our population will be more so hereafter, and not only that, when you hear a man talking that way you can nearly always put it down as a fact that it is either ignorance or he and his family are provided for in some way out of the public treasury. The best way to make a man show an interest or feeling of fellowship for his countryman, is to take his salary or money away from him, and reduce him

to want or moderate circumstances; that will make him sociable when everything else fails, or at least he will entertain very different views. I have paid here 20 cents a yard for cotton goods that sell on the New York market for 5 cents; \$2.50 for a fifty-pound sack of flour, and \$3 for Collins' axes with handles. One of our two-horse wagons, I think, sells here for \$135, and one of our double-turning plows with trace chains and single-trees for \$25, and hundreds of other things I could mention. But still this trade is not worth our attention. In this country the government issues the money direct to the people. In our country the banks issue the money and the government endorses the banks and they are called national banks. These people know but little about the arts of statecraft or politics, as we understand it. Like all the latin races, their issues, if they have any, are about men instead of principles. They go through all the formalities of elections, but the officials put out the candidates. The Delegarda is the judge, sheriff, and the district clerk. They have about the same road laws as we have. When a man dies, 18 per cent of his property goes to the government, and when real estate is sold the government gets 6 per cent of the purchase money: so there are no general tax laws like ours. You seldom see the sheriff, tax collector, or candidates for office. The price of land depends upon the locality and convenience to market, from 40 cents to \$2 an acre. The quantity is about the same all over the country. Coffee is checked off twenty feet each way, 325 trees to the acre, and after it is five years old is valued at 50 cents a tree until it is 50 years old. Though it is considered a net income to the owner, all this time of say, one year with another, 30 cents or 35 cents a tree. The people have pastures for their cattle and horses and pens for their hogs, so it is not necessary to have fences around their farms as we do.

We will now change the subject a little: I want to tell you something about the custom and habits of these people. I have already said something about their Saints' days. The 25th of June with them is like the 25th of December with us; it is St. John's day. Sunday is like a Saint's day with them. Then they have their festivals. Among the Cariboea, or lower class, you will see the men rig up their pack saddles with two large baskets on each side; this they call a colgary. They put the children in these baskets. You see the women going along the road on foot before the pack horses, and the men on a horse. They are going to a festival. The wealthy people

get together in the towns and cities, run horse races, play cards, fight chickens, send up skyrocketes, and yell at the top of their voices, "Viva Viva visumbora de arbar"; they run the devil out of the country so the corn and beans will come up and the coffee will make more. They drink "pinga" at these festivals, but they are not much on the fight like our people. Then they are a very polite: if they meet you forty times in a day, they speak to you, and when they go to leave you they tell you, "Bum tellogger," or good-bye.

I will now tell you how these people plant coffee as well as



Gathering Coffee

corn and other provision crops. If a man wants to cut down fifteen or twenty acres of timber to plant, he will go around and invite all his neighbors to a dinner and dance at night, festival. He will get two or three jugs of "pinga," or rum, some flour, meat, sugar and rice and will pay them say, one milrey each in money. They appoint a day, and they all come in with their forshes and axes, fifty or a hundred of them, if necessary, and cut the timber down. This is in the month of June or July, the dry season of the year, and by September or October, the planting season, it's all dry and ready to burn, and such a fire as it makes, with the popping of the cane, I do not think any of our people have ever seen, unless it was a large city on fire. Then it takes five or six days for the ground to cool off. Then they go into it with their corn and pumpkin seed and carvidarys and punch holes in the ground and plant; this is all they do to it, and they make more corn on one acre of ground without hoeing or plowing than I ever saw in our country. Then after that, if they want to plant coffee on the land, they crowd off carefully with a chain twenty feet

each way, and put up a stake. They dig a hole with a grubbiw hoe at these stakes about ten inches deep. Next the "fato," the overseer, on the place comes along and drops a few coffee beans in these holes and rakes a little dirt on them, and lays some sticks over the top of the holes for shade; then it is four or five months before the coffee comes up, and until it begins to make limbs it looks like cotton. In two years they are waist high; in three years you see a little coffee on them, but not enough to pay until they are five years old. all this time corn, beans and other provision crops are planted in the coffee land by the hands who treat the coffee. They commence to gather coffee in June or July, and finish in December or January, and they pay from 10 to 15 cents a bushel for gathering. They take a brush, broom, or rake and clean off the ground under the trees and strip the coffee off on the ground, and by the use of iron sifters they get the rocks and dirt out of the coffee, put it in a pile at the end of the row, and when they have forty or fifty bushels the cart comes along, measures up the coffee and gives them a ticket. Saturday evening the bell taps and the boss counts their tickets and gives them their money, less what they are due the boss for provisions. Sunday they go to town, play cards, run horse races, get drunk, or do anything they want to do. Gathering coffee is not as hard work as gathering cotton. The natives often plant tobacco in the young coffee fields, and here see the largest tobacco leaves you see anywhere in the world. Coffee generally blooms out in December, and the blooms and leaves resemble a honeysuckle more than anything I can think of. It is a beautiful sight to see 100,000 coffee trees in full bloom; then if they have three days without a hard rain and wind this will give the bloom ample time to set on, and they get a full crop, otherwise the crop is short. Coffee generally makes a full crop one year and a half a crop the next. The cause of this I do not know, and don't suppose anyone else does. If the boss comes along and finds an orange tree or lemon, or sweet potato vines in his coffee, he makes the hands chop them down—don't want them in his coffee. You often see an orange or lemon tree loaded with nice fruit dumped into the creek. The nicest fruit you find in the virgin forest is the "jackatacarba." It is black and slick and about the size of a hen egg, and sticks to the limb or body of the tree until it is ripe. Then there is the "almasha" and bananas, the largest you ever saw, and "buckichuse," or pineapples, as we call them.

I never will forget the night of the 13th of September, 1892.

Brazil. They had what they call a "shuva de pedro"; we call hail storm, but I don't suppose the oldest citizen ever saw thing like it. Of course, the people were very much excited, and some of them thought the end of time had come. The next morning we could see the coffee was knocked off the trees and rolled in piles and some of it washed into the creeks and branches. In some places the yards were full of coffee, and I have no doubt there were coffee farms that lost \$15,000 or \$20,000 worth of coffee in twenty minutes. And the large trees lying across the roads in the timber made them impassible for for some time. We could see signs of it in the coffee fields for twelve months.



I will tell you what a "bish" is. It is an insect that looks more like a flea than anything I can think of; he gets under your toe nails or finger nails and lays an egg, and makes him a sack and hatches out some little "bishes." The next day if you don't take the point of your knife and pick him out he will give you trouble. To avoid all this you must sweep out your house regularly and bathe your feet in warm water every night. If you don't know what a "baranah" is, you would not be in Brazil long before you would find out. A green fly will light on you and get under your clothing and lay an egg on your arm, or some part of the body, and in a few days you feel something that stings like an ant, and they get to be troublesome, and I have seen Americans who had been in the country twenty years and never knew how to get rid of them. I had been in the country about four years when I found one on my arm that was giving me a great deal of trouble. I rolled up my shirt sleeve and one

of the natives looked at it and said "sparumpoke," or "hold on." He went into the house and took his pipe and ran a straw through the stem and came out with a live coal of fire and some amber out of the pipe stem. He rubbed a little amber on it and dried it with his coal of fire, and two applications made him deathly sick. He took hold of my arm and squeezed it out, and it was a little hairy worm with a large head. They get on the cattle and dogs, but horses and mules the hide is too tough for them.

Those people are very liberal in the way of credit, but as a rule all classes have to pay their debts. In our country it is a hard matter to collect a debt from a man who owns no property subject to execution under the laws. It is different here. If a man becomes dissatisfied where he is at work and goes to some other coffee farmer, the boss always asks him how much he owes at the other place. He tells him and says all right. He writes a note to the boss on the other place to make out his account and send it to him and he will pay it, as he has employed one of his hands. While there is no law to compel them to do this way, custom makes it right, and I suppose it will always be so in this country. Passports are not essential in entering Brazil, but it always cost you a little to leave the country. As for the investment of capital, I don't suppose that there is a country in the world, or ever will be, that offers more inducements and a better prospect for profit. There are no labor troubles, or labor organizations, and I don't suppose ever will be.

As for what trade or profession has the best chance of success in a country like that, one of our lawyers would have no show without a thorough knowledge of the language and laws, and for one of our doctors to get a certificate to practice medicine, that is a difficult matter on account of the examinations he would have to stand; but if he is a dentist and understands his profession, that will always be a good business here, for the prices they charge for such work he can afford to get some one to talk for him until he can understand what "Entra star pronta" means, or, come in and take a seat in the chair, all ready, and it don't take long to learn that.

Our missionaries seem to have a good time; they live well and have nothing much to do. The natives are all Catholics and say they are needed more in their own country than here, but I am not very well posted about that business.

This is a healthy country. If you pay strict attention to the rules of health you will live to a good old age. I have known

people to come here with consumption and get well, but with a case of rheumatism it is just the reverse. I understand an Englishman about 75 years old came here; he was a telegraph operator and knew nothing else, and as English money runs all the railroads, factories and banks, he thought, of course, he would have no trouble in finding employment as soon as he landed. The idea never occurred to him that he would have to telegraph in Portuguese, but they gave him a job keeping gate at some railroad station. If he had been an American he would have been compelled to go on some coffee farm to gather and hoe coffee or go back to England, if he could get back.

We start back to the United States on the 26th day of May, 1898, and leave Rio on the steamer "Galileo" the 4th of June. The war is going on with Spain. This is an English ship; American ships are all laid up, put in at Bahia for coffee and other freight. The next port reached in Pernambuco. We are drawing about twenty-five feet of water, too much to go into the harbor. We lay outside and the barges come out. The ship had about 25,000 sacks of coffee aboard, besides other freight. They lay planks down on this coffee and roll mahogany logs, guano, hides and other freight down on them. We put in at the Island of St Lucia for coal, and land in New York the 23rd of June, 1898, just nineteen days from Rio.

I will now say for the satisfaction of all who may want to know something about the expense of such a trip as this, that we never get too old to learn. When I went to Brazil I paid \$435 in gold from New York to Santos for myself, wife, and son about 9 years old, on an American ship, saloon, or first-class passage. Came back on an English ship, second-class, and from Rio to New York I paid \$135 in gold, and I will say that I can see but very little difference between second-class fare on an English ship and first-class on an American ship, but to learn all this we must do like I did: go and try it. I think you will find that the \$300 saved will be of some benefit to you some time. The English people have more system and order on their ships than our people do. Second-class fare on an American ship is like a pen.

I understand that our people are making some improvements in this branch of business. I hope they are, for there is great room for it. June or July is the proper time to make such a trip; then you are less exposed to storms on the ocean or epidemics on the coast of South America. If I was going to make the trip again, with my experience, instead of waiting in a hotel in New York three weeks, as I did, for the regular mail steamer for

Rio, I would take the first good ship from New York to Southampton or Liverpool, second-class, unless I had money to throw at birds, and from there to Rio. As for your money, United States currency is good at a discount, or you can put your gold into a belt and put around you, but either way you run the risk of being robbed on the road, or lose your money by some accident. Then you can get exchange in New York on Liverpool or London, which is good in South America, but remember that unless you have the original and duplicate, the first and the second, when you present it to the banks at Rio or St. Paulo, they will ask you where the second is. You tell them the second is in the hands of the bank at New York. They will say, how do we know but that the second has been presented and paid; we don't want it. Present the first and second and we will pay it. Everything is done on the old English banking system, and unless you have your exchange in that kind of shape, it is worthless in South America. I have no advise to offer any of our people to go to a foreign country, nor do I ever expect to, for that is a serious matter, but if I was young and had my life to live over and had the means to do something on my own account and knowing the country and methods of doing everything as I do, and was disposed to try my fortune in a new country, I would not hesitate to go to Brazil. It is not expected that this information will be interesting to old people who have fought the battle of life and are contented with their surroundings, and sensible of the fact that we get nothing out of this world except what we eat, drink and wear. It is intended for young people and future generations who are in a condition and disposed to try their fortunes in a new country. I have given them the facts, the advantages as well as the objections, and the difficulties they would have to contend with, and it is for them to determine whether or not they would better their condition in life by such a move.

THE END

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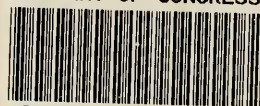
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